

# Arizona Weekly Courier

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## WIND FANTASIES.

Oh, wild and wondrous wind!  
Camest thou from the complaining dreary,  
And tell me if thou hast not seen,  
And tell me if thou hast not seen,  
Oh, wild and wondrous wind!

Oh, wondrous, wondrous wind!  
It whirled me round and round and round,  
And tell me if thou hast not seen,  
And tell me if thou hast not seen,  
Oh, wondrous, wondrous wind!

Oh, sad and mournful wind!  
From what wild depths of human pain and sorrow  
Comest thou, thou wondrous wind, to tell me,  
Comest thou, thou wondrous wind, to tell me,  
Oh, sad and mournful wind!

Oh, solitary wind!  
We know not whence thou comest or whither thou goest,  
We know not whence thou comest or whither thou goest,  
We know not whence thou comest or whither thou goest,  
Oh, solitary wind!

Most melancholy wind!  
Is there a requiem for the dead and dying,  
Or art thou some departing soul, or art thou,  
Or art thou some departing soul, or art thou,  
Most melancholy wind!

Tell me, I long to know—  
Art thou a will and every passion doing,  
Through the lone wilderness the way pursuing,  
Through the lone wilderness the way pursuing,  
Tell me, I long to know.

Hast thou not other voice,  
No words to whisper thy most precious story,  
Where thou didst live in the ancient crown of glory,  
Where thou didst live in the ancient crown of glory,  
Hast thou not other voice?

Oh, thou art fierce and wild!  
Thy mighty chariot through the black skies lash-  
ing,  
Thy mighty chariot through the black skies lash-  
ing,  
Thy mighty chariot through the black skies lash-  
ing,

Oh, thou art fierce and wild!  
Thy mighty chariot through the black skies lash-  
ing,  
Thy mighty chariot through the black skies lash-  
ing,  
Thy mighty chariot through the black skies lash-  
ing,

Yet art thou full of wit,  
Perchance, thou wert Earth's angel when was  
thou  
Perchance, thou wert Earth's angel when was  
thou  
Perchance, thou wert Earth's angel when was  
thou

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## really looked to her rise up an' paw

round and run her tongue out at me.  
But good Mrs. Beers said in her gen-  
tle way, "Miss Nancy could not speak."  
"Like enough she can't," said some-  
body else, "but she can't speak."

"She can't!" shrieked Miss Nancy.  
"She can't!" I know she can't! she  
knew I wouldn't never go to no  
Phelps' wedding; she done it a-purpose,  
the minx!

"Oh, I guess not," purred Mrs. Beers.  
"She's a good girl; she's a real feelin'."  
I know Mrs. Beers has set by her like  
an own darter since she's hired out there.

"She hadn't no need to go there,  
anyway!" broke in the exasperated  
aunt. "She could have lived here till  
the day after never, if she'd have give  
that feller the mitten, and dead what  
I've got to leave when I'm dead and  
gone."

"And you're good for 95, Nancy!"  
laughed provoking Mrs. Beers.  
"Didn't happen come to a purpose,  
she'd have been a rather live long o'  
Sam Phelps, in a house of her own, than  
a hangin' on to you skits, so to  
speak, till she was an old maid herself?"

"Well, what's the matter with her? I  
see ye so riled about it, but I must be  
a goin'; I set sponge this mornin', and I  
shouldn't wonder if 'twas clean over the  
pan by this. Folks has got to have  
bread, and she's a butter!" and with a  
glance at Mrs. Beers, she hurried out  
of the room, her still calico seeming to  
echo to her derisive words as she  
swept through the doorway.

"There ain't no butter about her!"  
growled Miss Nancy. "Sophie! Bun-  
nell's prickly as a thistle, an' allers  
was."

"Well, folks is made different," said  
Mrs. Beers, gently. "We ain't all  
alike, and it's quite a mercy we ain't  
all sugar or all salt would be as good as  
tasteless, I guess. Miss Bunnell's real  
good to the sick, 'specially when they  
are a-sufferin' from a cold, an' she's  
a smart as a whip, besides."

"Yes, 'n' a whip with a stinger, too,"  
was the curt answer.

"Well, now, went on Mrs. Beers, "I  
feel real sorry for you, Miss Nancy, an'  
I'm certain sure she never  
meant nothin' less than to have ye  
for her weddin'; why, I know her real  
well; she's as sweet as cream, nat-  
urally. Depend on it, 'twas all a mis-  
take."

"You no need to butter me up, Phil-  
lidy Beers! I guess I know when I'm  
thruved over well's the next one. I  
be gone and done 'bactly what I said  
she shouldn't never do, and she knows  
it. I've got means to live on, an' more.  
I ain't no poor, despisable old maid.  
I've got money in the bank an' a good  
farm, an' I'll go to Harford to-mor-  
row if I'm spared and make my will to a  
lawyer, an' I'll will every cent to fur-  
nish missions. I'll do it, sure's ye're  
born!"

"Oh, now, don't ye do nothin' hasty,  
Miss Nancy! Let's see about it, now  
let's see about it, now let's see about it,  
let's see about it, now let's see about it,  
let's see about it, now let's see about it,  
let's see about it, now let's see about it,

"Well, I must say good-day. I've got  
to see to our folks dinner soon. Say  
Ann can do the most, but she ain't  
very mighty," and Mrs. Beers laid up  
with rheumatism.

"Well, now, Nancy," said her com-  
panion, Mrs. Beers, who had stepped  
in for a neighborly visit. "You know  
you're kinder arbitrary, you always was,  
and you do like to speak in meetin'  
whether there's a congregation or not,  
you always did; but I will say for't,  
your bark's worse than your bite. I—"

Here Mrs. Beers knuckled at the door.  
"Come in!" shouted Miss Nancy, never  
stirring from her chair—a flagrant viola-  
tion of Stafford etiquette.

"Good-day, good-day!" Why, Miss  
Bunnell, how be ye? I haven't seen  
you for quite a spell; and how do you  
get along, Miss Nancy?"

"So's to be sure," snapped the  
pensive, glaring straight at the round,  
placid, smiling little figure of the Widow  
Beers, who sat down in the nearest rock-  
er, and put a pretty little basket on the  
door by her side. "You do look so well,  
and you're usually well, I see, Miss Bun-  
nell. I fetched around a few apples of  
my Ashtary tree to Sophrony Jones;  
she'd real miss 'em."

"Serves her right," broke in Miss  
Nancy. "What did she go'n' marry a  
little, low-lived feller like 'Lish Jones?  
She might have known that she'd  
make a miserable bed for herself as she  
lies on thorns."

"Well, she seems to think consid-  
erable of him; I guess he's pretty good to  
her 'till she knows how to be."

"H'm! his goodness won't do no fur-  
der'n a hen-chop," sniffed Miss Nancy.  
"And, seein' I was a-comin' this way,"  
placidly went on Mrs. Beers, "I thought  
I'd fetch a few on 'em to you. I rek'lect  
you set by apples a good deal."

"I'm obliged to ye," said Miss  
Nancy, still curt and decisive, but not  
quite so fierce.

"Hadin' you better set 'em into the  
buttery, Nancy?" suggested Mrs. Bun-  
nell, looking towards the set out for  
Miss Nancy glared at her with honest  
wrath.

Mrs. Beers began again in her mild  
way. "They'd say, up to the Centre,  
that 'Pancake' had laid up with a  
dreadful spell o' quinsy."

"I guess he caught cold over to the  
Mash' weddin'," suggested Mrs. Bun-  
nell. "It did pour down; I come over  
to-day half to see how you stood it,  
Nancy."

"Stood what?"

"Why, gettin' home from Mis' Mash's  
house 'Tuesdays evenin'; the weddin',  
ye know."

"I hain't been to no weddin'; hes De-  
siah Mash made a goose o' herself to her  
time o' life!"

"Why, no! no mercy sakes, no! Why, I  
expected you knowed it; 'twas Janey—  
Janey Tryon an' Sam Phelps. I s'posed,  
of course, seein' you was her aunt, you'd  
fetched around to see 'em."

"Miss Nancy was crimson with rage.  
"Jane Tryon an' Sam Phelps! I guess  
not! I told her a year back if I ever  
heard of one o' them Phelps boys a-shin-  
in' up to her she needn't never look to  
me for no settin' out, Sam Phelps! of  
all created critters, I believe them Phelps  
as is the meanest."

"You didn't always think so, did ye?"  
sarcasically inquired Mrs. Bunnell, who  
knew very well what old hurt and wrong  
had set Miss Nancy against the Phelps  
family; how Sam Phelps' uncle had  
"converted" pretty Nancy, and then sent  
away with Jason Swift's daughter, the  
richest girl in Stafford, and left Nancy  
to make the best of it.

"The taut I made poor Nancy speech-  
less; she looked at Mrs. Bunnell, as  
that peace-breaking woman afterward  
expressed it, "jest like the unicorn on a  
needle-paper a-sharin' at the lion. I

## to like the Phelps; of eho had known

your Sam, she'd have liked him, she  
couldn't help it; but she see she loy'  
a minx! him up with her Sam, the uncle,  
who wasn't no more like him than chalk  
like cheese; and ye know Miss Nancy's  
real set in her way, but she's good as  
gold when ye get down to it."

"In any case, I'll be glad to hold  
of Tommy Marsh—and there he is, sure's  
ye live."

"Set still! set still!" purred Mrs.  
Beers. "Let me deal with the critter;  
he's fecthin' suthin' to ye; but he's  
shippin' 'n' an' eel; of he gets an idea  
you know 'bout it, he'll cut 'n' run."

"Janey took up her apron and went on  
with the button-hole, and Tommy, a  
freckled, green-eyed, impudent urchin,  
bobbed his head at her and held out a  
basket."

"Ma seet ye, over suthin' for to put  
into the pantry," he said, in the mon-  
otonous tone of a repeated lesson.

Janey uncovered the basket.

"Why, just look here, Mis' Beers!  
she has sent me four jars of jelly; ain't  
she good?"

"Surely!" ejaculated Mrs. Beers.  
"Tommy, don't you want a peppermint?"

"The unwary boy snatched at the offer,  
"Guess there's one in my pocket,"  
smiled the old lady, and began to pull  
out one by one the contents of that  
goodly repository.

"I guess, Tommy, you haven't got  
near so many things in your pocket as  
there be in mine," also said Mrs. Beers.  
"I bet I have!" answered Tommy,  
and, quite forgetful of anything but emu-  
lation, he began to unload the stores of  
his own pouches. As he did so, eagerly  
and carelessly, without other help,  
by his own disarray. The oyster in  
the uncooked state, or merely warmed,  
is, in fact, self-digestive. But the ad-  
vantage of this provision is wholly lost  
by cooking for the table. However, in-  
stead of cooking, the associated food,  
and a cooked oyster has to be di-  
gested, like any other food, by the en-  
ter's own digestive powers.

"Seems as though there was a Providence  
in it," remarked Mrs. Beers, but  
Janey did not hear, for she was running  
after Tommy with the emptied basket  
she had just brought out; suddenly she  
stepped on a stone, twisted her ankle  
and fell.

It was hard for Mrs. Beers to get her  
into the house and on to her bed, but  
Janey was not the faintest sort of wom-  
an, and between her courage and her  
visitor's patience it was managed. Mrs.  
Beers stayed and got the supper for  
Sam, and then, feeling that she was  
Marshall back to take her place as she  
passed the house. Early the next morn-  
ing she went over to Miss Nancy Try-  
on's.

"Good mornin'," she said, beaming  
on that stiff old lady with the sunny  
homely countenance of a pumpkin in a  
cornfield.

"Say, Miss Nancy, I've ketches a nice  
feller—a real one, between you and Janey.  
I've got the note she wrote to ye out o'  
Tommy Marsh's pocket; I guess he went  
fishin' or somethin' an' forgot it an' he  
aid about it; anyway, here 'tis." Miss Nan-  
cy grimly opened it, and read:

"DEAR AGENT: I have finally made up  
my mind to marry Sam. I think a great deal  
of him, and he does me in every way, strong  
as there wasn't any real good reason why I  
shouldn't, save and except that you don't like  
him, and he doesn't like me, and I don't like  
him so much of you; he just hates his  
Uncle Sam."

"Dear agent, you're all the people I have  
got, since father died, and you know how he  
set by, and looked for you to be a mother to his  
baby, and so on."

"I'm real sorry I vexed you about Sam, but I  
couldn't help it; please forgive me and come  
over to Mrs. Marsh's to-morrow night and see  
me married. Do, do! Sam says so, too."  
Your loving friend, JAS. BEERS.

"Dreadful sweet! most's good as  
honey," growled Miss Nancy, in a voice  
half-moved, half incredulous; but why  
did she wipe her spectacles? Mrs. Beers  
went on in her soft voice:

"I was down there 'bout eight an' she  
kinder turned her ankle a-runnin' after  
that boy; I fixed her onto the bed an'  
got supper, but she can't step; she was  
a-comin' right up here but for that, and  
cried real bad about it."

"I think 'twould set her up dreadfully  
if so be you could feel to forgive her  
for enough to set around and help her  
a mite. I know it's dreadful hard to  
get over such things, and she knows it,  
and is a-grievin' over it a sight; but I  
said, says I, 'Don't ye take on, Janey;  
your aunt's just as good as gold  
when you give down to it; she's one o'<